

AN HUE AND CRY

After the Shatter'd

FRENCH FLEET,

May 1692.

WITH

The Distress'd French-mans Complaint
against the English Jacobites, for inviting them to engage
the English and Dutch in the late Sea-Fight: With the Ja-
cobites Answer.

Gentlemen, *Jacobites*, or rather *Abominated Tasterdemallions*, (for by the prowess of your Success, and the strength of your Cause, I am afraid you are in danger of falling under that thred-bare destiny;) In the Name of our Tripple-League, *Pope, Turk, and Devil*, how have you been maliciously pleas'd to give us a damnable Invitation to engage the *English and Dutch Fleet*; Now, by *Saint Lucifer*, (pardon the prophanation, for that's one of our Masters Gods) with what Front have you decoyed us into so fatal a snare! Now, alas, poor Souls, we as heartily believed we should have had your *Russel* and your *Carter*, your *Albby* and your *De-laval*, and the rest of your Submarines, all Tuned their Pipes to our *French Hautboys*, and your own dear *Irish Harps*, and danced about us as lovingly as so many *Tritons* and *Nereids*, whilst our Great *Neptune of France* had rode Lord Sovereign of the Seas; and by so jolly a Turn-over, to have Coop'd up all the *Hogan-Mogan Fleet*, and Hoop'd their Butter-Firkins, and jerk'd their Giggs *Al-a-mode de France*. All this was as firm an Article of our Faith, as that our invincible Monarch is the true Son of *Lewis* the Thirteenth; and we as heartily believed we should have had you chuckt as close under our Wings, as *Sr. Dennis* his Head under his Arm, and carried your selves as uprightly, and done as illustrious Miracles in our Cause and Service too: But to give us the Sham, the Mump, the Banter, the Go-by; to return our first Complimental Salute of *all-Powder, and no-Ball*, with wicked Chain-shot and warm Iron; to soure upon us as keen as so many Kites at a Hen-roost; to swallow us at a Bitt, as a man would do a Loach in Sack, or an Egg in Muscadine: 2 Pox of your Gorges! Ungracious Infidels, what mischief have you done us! what a Heart-breaking Defeat (think ye) will this be to our Grand *Lewis*! enough to give him a new Fitt of the Fistula. Was it not enough for the impudent Rebellious Elements, the dama'd long Protestant-wind in the bleak North-East Corner, to hinder our *Invincible Armada* from our intended Descent and Invasion! But now to have a new Queen *Bess*, and new Captain *Drakes* to Rise up against us; and our little *French-Alexander*, our Universal Monarch, to be waked from his sweet Nap in his dear *Matyrenas*'s Arms, with so dismal a Thunder-clap, so woful a Cup of Wormwood, as the loss of his Navy: A Navy that cost him so many

Years

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Years Labour, so much stout *English Timber* borrow'd upon Chalk, in the dear Reign of his old Faithful Drone of ever-sleeping Memory; and all so lumping a Penniworth, almost as cheap as *Dunkirk*. And now after so many years of *Brittish Obedience* and Vassalage to their great Lord of *France*, for the *English* to turn Récreants, Renegadoes against their Sovereign *Fleur-de-Liſes*. That once true *Spaniel-Breed* to slip their Collars, drop their Clogs, and unhood their Muzzles, and bite their *French Lords* and Masters, like *Heretick Dogs* as they are. Ah Curse of your Roman-tick *Jacobite* Impudence, and all the rest of your lying Oracles, for flattering poor *Frenchman* into this Fools Paradise. Nay so we shou'd a been serv'd, had we made our Invasion: Instead of running to us, as you did to your Prince of O-----, I warrant ye we shou'd have had you for kicking and thumping (a Plague of your hard Toes) and given our sweet Faces amongst you no more welcome than a Frost in *June*. Well, don't think to carry it off thus. If our grear Heroes *Lewidores* in *Flanders*, and *Pistoles* in *England*, can but hire a knot of honest hardy Ruffains, dear *Loyal Cut-Throats*, (tho' we pay Millions for it) we are resolved to have a touch at the Weafons of our two great *French Eye-sores*, your little *Cyrus* abroad, and your *Semiramis* at home, with a brace of Consecrated Daggers; and perhaps live to give you a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*. But if the Devil does play us booty, and fail us in that design, the Curse of Bell, Book and Candle go along with you, and so e'en hang your selves in your *Passive-Obedience* Garter-Strings.

The Jacobites Answer.

Sweet Gentlemen, Angry Gentlemen, and (to our sorrow be it spoken) *Beaten Gentlemen*; from the depth of our little Senses, and the bottom of our less Souls, we condole your Misfortunes. But alack and a day, does the blame lie at our door? Alas, we have been more cheated than you; we thought the whole World had been so in love with *Brown-Georges* and *Wooden Shoes*, that it had been impossible for 'em to have lifted up a hand against your and our *Invincible Monarch* of *France*: Little did we think but our *Russel* and *Delavall*, and the rest of the *Submarines* you speak of, for the Pleasure of Infamy, and the Reward of Villany, might have been as passionate Doaters upon *Shackles* and *Slavery*, as either the best *French* or *Jacobite* Breed of us all. I am sure if they had ever heard any of our *Non-Jurant Conventicklers* Preach, it had been impossible for 'em to have continued their *unconverted Apostacy* to such Heavenly *Non-Resistance Doctrine*; but in all due Homage and Obedience have fallen down and worshipt at the sound of the Psalteries and Sacbuts of the great all-commanding *Lewis*. But, *Gentlemen*, if yours and our expectation are defeated, and all our *Pope-Land* Hopes and *Wafer-Cake* prove Dough; all we have to do, is, like true Brothers in Affliction, to wail the common Calamity; and if possible, for some Reparation of your Losses, to wish you Success with the honest *Cut-Throats* and dear Consecrated Daggers you speak of: To which holy Work (as by the bounden Obligation of our *Jacobite* Religion and Principles) you shall want neither the ready Prayers, nor readier Hands of

Your still Faithful, tho' at present Drooping, Sworn Friends, &c.

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